THE CELINA DEMOCRAT.

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THE DEMOCRAT will feel obligated to any subscriber who fails to receive his paper regularly and promptly, if complaint will be made to the office.

FRIDAY, November 25, 1910

The McLean Shadow Grows

The candidacy of John R. McLean of the Cincinnati Enquirer for the Ohio Senatorship is creeping out as per schedule, and as we have felt for the last couple months it in due time would. Little Lewie Bernard, Mr. McLean's political puppet and a lieutenant of Boss Cox, as soon as the election returns indicated a Democratic legislature, told the public Mr. McLean was not a candidate for the U. S. Senatorship—banish the thought. Since then things have begun to gradually develope. Eastern papers, notably Hearst's and the Buffalo Evening News, republican, have been pointing with pride to John's great service to Democracy and the people. We haven't that elevated opinion of Mr. McLean, and nothing he has ever said deserves the brilliant coat of paint—whitewash—that is being applied. It was not long ago he pulled his lilly white robes about him and disclaimed any affiliation with democracy—partisan or fundamental—with the latter he was never acquainted and never had any real conception. The papers that boom him are republican or plutocratic. They know their man.

The latest paper to sound his praises is the Cincinnati Volksblatt, Republican. It has him standing "head and shoulders above his competitors" for the place. It concludes with this significant sentence: "His sole object in ASPIRING to the Senatorship is to serve the people." The Enquirer published the Volksblatt article from which the sentence referred to was taken, and we have no doubt but that paper spoke on the strength of inside information. The Enquirer enters no disclaimer. The public is being fed on homeopathic doses—that the people and the legislature may be led gently up to the potion in the making—but it seems the candidacy of John R. McLean of Washington, D.C., seventy-five times a millionaire, is sufficiently exposed to public view to merit a little discussion pro and con, and not be let alone, as the usually astute Pat Sandles suggests. He would not disturb the political manure pile. We would—that the party might not fall into it.

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The Mysterious Message

By MARTHA RICKER

When Iva Hayman's place was vacant at supper and again at breakfast, Barrington looked worried, but it was Barton who inquired at the close of the meal what had become of Miss Hayman.

"Indeed, I don't know what to think of it," said Mrs. Waythe, with motherly anxiety. "She never come in at all last night, and it's the only time she ever stayed away."

"She was in her room last night, Mrs. Waythe," asserted Baton.

"Oh, you are mistaken," said his landlady. "I've knocked and knocked at her door this morning without getting any answer."

"Well, I heard her up there about three o'clock this morning," insisted Baton. "Her room being just over mine I distinctly hear any noise there," he continued.

Barrington shook his head. "I don't believe she came in last night. She and I were pretty good friends and I think she would have told me if she were going to any frolic," he said.

"I tell you I know what I am talking about," Baton repeated. "She must have come in very quietly, but she was up there and she worked on the typewriter a little, just before three o'clock. I'd take my oath on it."

"I know she writes little stores and articles for the papers," Mrs. Waythe said. "She works at it evenings and has just bought a machine so she can typewrite her own manuscripts. Oh—what if something has happened to her up there all alone!" she cried tremulously. "I hadn't smelled any gas, but—or, excuse me!"

She hurried up the stairs, Baton and Barrington folowing after a moment's hesitation while the rest of the boarders awaited developments at the table.

By the time the two men reached the top floor Mrs. Waythe was shaking Miss Hayman's door and calling her name and after two or three minutes of this without a sound in reply the poor woman was ready to cry with nervousness.

"Haven't you a key to this door?" Bates asked.

"I have one somewhere, but I don't seem to find it with the other keys. I looked this morning," she answered.

"Shall I force the lock?" A strange foreboding of evil had seized upon Baton. He could not have told why, but it seemed imperative that the door be opened.

"Such foolishness!" Barrington broke in. "She'll probably be back all right tonight."

"Mrs. Waythe?" Baton repeated questioningly, neither seeing nor hearing Barrington.

"Oh, just as you think best, Mr. Baton," she faltered. "I don't know, really."

It was a matter of a few moments for Baton to pry back the bolt and swing open the door. Then he stood aside for Mrs. Waythe to enter, while Barrington in the background glared at both of them for the liberty they were taking.

"There," cried Mrs. Waythe in a tone of relief. "Just as I said! Not a sign of her here and she hasn't been here, either. Come in and see for yourselves. Oh, I believe she's all right elsewhere!"

Baton, as in a dream, heard Mrs. Waythe's voice running on. He was so positive that Iva Hayman had been there; had been so strangely certain that he should find her—under some unnatural conditions—behind that closed door that for the moment he was unable to comprehend the facts as they were. In a half-dazed way he obeyed the summons and walked into the room, while Barrington lingered resentfully on the threshold.

Suddenly, without knowing why he did it, Baton crossed the floor and lifted the cover from the typewriter. There was a sheet of paper set in place and as his eyes fell on the words written at the top of the page an unearthly chill ran over him.

He tried to speak, but not a sound would come, so he silently held out his hand to Mrs. Waythe and pointed her to the words.

This was the message she read:

"Neil, come to me. I am in trouble."

During the tense moment that followed, Barrington came silently into the room and when he, too, had read the mysterious appeal the three faced each other wordless.

Mrs. Waythe was the picture of superstitious horror. Baton, too, had turned a gray color, but it was not fear that chilled his heart; it was the fact of that name "Neil" written at the beginning of the strange message. Neil Baton was the first to speak.

"I heard those words written on the typewriter last night," he said slowly, "and I was certain she had not come in until suddenly I heard this machine working carefully as if she was afraid of disturbing some one. I surely couldn't be mistaken in the sound. That north window of mine was open and you see it's right under hers. If she wasn't here herself she managed, somehow, to send that message."

"But, Mr. Baton, you surely don't mean to say that you believe in—" Mrs. Waythe hesitated.

"It makes no difference what I believe," Baton returned. "Here is a fact. This appeal is her and it is addressed to me, and it seems I am the only one who heard it written. I believe Miss Hayman was in some trouble at three o'clock last night."

"Oh, it makes the shivers go all over me!" gasped Mrs. Waythe.

"Sit down in this chair, please," Baton commanded gently, "you must try to be calm and answer some questionsfor me. First, tell me how long Miss Hayman has lived here."

"About a year and a half." The frightened woman seated herself, steadied by Baton's tone of authority.

"What do you know of her home and family?"

She began to speak and stopped. She glanced from Baton to Barrington and from Barrington back to Baton.

"What I know she told me in confidence," she said doubtfully. "Perhaps I ought to tell you, Mr. Baton, under the circumstances, but—"

"Certainly, I am going," said Barrington stiffly. "But I want to enter a protest against raising too great a hue and cry for nothing. It may be very annoying to Miss Hayman if she comes back all right tonight."

But his words fell on deaf ears and the moment he was gone Baton, with pencil and memorandum in hand, said:

"Now, Mrs. Waythe."

"She lived right here ever since she left her home down in Mapletown. It's just a little place and her father has a farm about three miles from town. The reason she came away in the first place was to try and make a little money to help pay off the mortgage on the old place. She left home and came to the city by herself and an uncle got her a position in that newspaper office. But now that uncle has moved out west and oh dear! Who'd have ever thought—"

"What newspaper office?"

Baton's voice brought the frightened woman back to the business in hand like a lasso and she gave him the address.

He entered it in a note book.

"Oh, she's the sweetest, nicest little thing! If anything's happened to her! Mr. Baton, are you going to look in the hospitals—or—where?"

"I am going to her office first." Baton answered, slipping the memorandum into his pocket. "I'll let you know as soon as I can what I find out."

As he was facing the storm of sleet on his way down town Baton suddenly remembered the girl in Londale, whose picture was in a small leather frame on his dresser. Wat would she think of this strange message?"

But what she would think was not the business in hand just then. Baton felt in his pocket to make sure that the sheet of typewritten paper was safe, and it was.

At the office of the newspaper he learned that Miss Hayman had received a telegram the day before that her father was ill, and that she had rushed off with barely time to catch the train. Barrington had been there an hour earlied than Baton, it seemed, and had been told the same.

Baton's normal first thought on hearing this would have been to telegraph an inquiry, but under the spell of those words: "Neil, come to me," there seemed but one thing to do. He waited only long enough to telephone Mrs. Waythe a reassuring word, then started for the railway station, and took the next train for Mapletown.

It was a slow journey, and when it was ended there was a vexatious wait before he could get a conveyance to carry him out to the Hayman farm.

It was afternoon when Iva Hayman opened the door to him, and impulsively held out both hands, whether in joy or astonishment, Baton could not be sure.

He followed her into the comfortable living room, an almost her first words were:

"My father is better; he will live, the doctor assures me, and I shall be able to go back to work in a few days. It has come to seem like home there at Mrs. Waythe's, everybody has been so good to me."

Barton caught at the first pause and asked abruptly; "What were you doing at three last night?"

"Three o'clock?" Her face grew serious. "Sitting by father's bed. I was there all night. Why?"

"Did you think of me?"

She gave him a startled glance, but after an instant answered in a low tone: "Yes."

"What was the thought?"

If she coulu have kept from meeting his eyes she would have kept from answering the question, but one was as impossible as the other. The words came slowly, against her will.

"I thought of you. I wished you could know I was in trouble. And—and the clock struck three."

An exclamation escaped Baton's lips, and he put his hand to the pocket where the typewritten message lay folded, but checked himself and left it where it was. Almost immediately the girl regained her poise enough to rally him on the strangeness of his questions, but he began abruptly to ask about the trains returning to the city.

She answered, but with a reserve in her voice which told him that he had lost the familiar footing of a moment before. He believed she had just realized, for the first time, the strangeness of his coming to her as he had, but, though he had no way of guessing it, this was only a partial explanation of her sudden restraint. The truth was that she had, at that moment, remembered an extremely incongruous fact, which kept intruding upon her now with every word he spoke. She was wondering, with chagrin, how she could have forgotten, even in the first surprise of seeing him, those haunting words of Mrs. Waythe, told to her a few days previously:

"He's in love with a girl in Lonsdale, and she's a heartless creature that has led him a chase for five years."

Baton kept hoping as they talked commonplaces for a return of the friendly, confiding atmosphere, but he was disappointed. He was so disturbed by the change in her manner that it was not till he was on the point of leave-taking that he suddenly remembered to wonder once more what the Lonsdale girl would say to all this.

He was still standing near the door, the position he had taken on rising to leave, when, abruptly, without a word, but with a curious expression on his face, he unfolded a slip of paper and handed it to her.

A wave of color swept from her neck to her hair, and she laughed nervously as she took the paper and tore it nervously across.

"My poor little story!" she cried. "Where did you get that?"

Baton was staring in bewilderment, but he answered:

"I told you how we searched your room. That was in your typewriter."

"Of course! They were the last words I wrote the night before I left town."

Then suddenly she met Baton's gaze squarely and her laugh died.

"You'd hardly believe it, Miss Hayman," he said after a minute, in a strained, unnatural voice, "but I've been a superstitious fool about this thing, and I can't shake it off all at once. You might as well know first as last—I've been thinking you sent me that message in some mysterious way last night at three. I—I even heard your machine going just long enough to write it."

"One of my birds tapping!" breathed the quick-witted girl. "You know Mrs. Waythe's house was wired for electric lights, but it has never been connected, and heavy wires hang down in front of my window, and the sparrows perch there, and then the wires tap on my window like a signal to me. I call it my alarm clock. Some mornings there will be three or four birds all cuddled together there at once. I believe they sleep there all night, because once in a great while they have awakened me at unearthly hours, with their tapping, but usually it comes in the morning."

"It's no matter," said Baton.

He turned on his heels as though the affair were of no consequence.

A rush of thoughts crowded her mind. This explained it all, then. This was the reason he had come into the country to find her. He had obeyed a supernatural summons. The "girl down at Lonsdale" could understand that, of course. He had lost all interest in her—Iva Hayman—now that he knew there was no mytery to probe. Oh—!

But just as she reached that point, Baton wheeled back and caught her by the shoulders.

"You did think of me last night by your father's bed," he said. "You did wish I could know? You wanted me to come? Is that part true?"

She tried not to look at him, but his eyes insisted.

"Is it true?"

"Yes," she acknowledged, under her breath; her heart had begun to beat so loudly that it seemed as if he might hear what it was saying. It said it over and over, and its message brought a hot flush to her face, she made her try to draw away from the grasp on her shoulders.

"What are you thinking?" he asked, as if he had a right. "What thought came into your head just then?"

Throb—throb—throb went that telltale heart. Was it possible that he could hear every word that it said? She could never tell him—never!"

"Tell me," he insisted.

His eyes were looking into hers, and then, to her horror, she heard herself putting words to those heart beats.

"He's in love with a girl down at Lonsdale!"

"I am not!" denied Barton, as if he had been accused of murder; and the next instant that gossiping little heart was muffled tight in a great overcoat, learning a new song, which went:

"He's in love with you! He's in love with you!"

Marie Spiridonova.

In Akatoni, the penal colony, is one Marie Spiridonova, whose beauty is so great that the reports always read: "That though showing proofs of all she had undergone, her great beauty is not really marred." This young girl had taken it upon herself to mete out justice to the governor general of Tomboy for haying gone through that province with fire and sword. He would order peasants to be whipped, keeping them tied for two or three weeks lying on the floors in barns, and taking them out each day to be whipped again, until death relieved them. The bench where the whipping was done would invariably be next to the barn where the men lay, and thus the blows and cries of the tortured man were heard by the victims within. Spiridonova went to meet the governor general at a railway station, drew out her revolver, which she carried in a muff, and shot him dead at a distance of thirty feet. Before she had time to use the revolver on herself she was jumped upon by the guards and officers, beaten, dragged by the hair, burned with cigarettes and so horribly maltreated in prison for days that even her lawyers could not, for decency's sake, make public the things that were done to her.—Rose Strunsky, in the ——

WORK OF Y. M. C. A. STATE COMMITTEE

Conserving Force of Major Portion of the Organization.

Many persons who are reasonably well informed on the Y. M. C. A. work as that is exemplified in various institutions, classes and other activities, are not clear in their minds concerning the part which the State Committee plays. The State Committee, however, is the conserving force of the major portion of the Y. M. C. A. work. An unfortunate lack of funds prevents the Y. M. C. A. in many places paying for the services at the rate commensurate with the talents which the work demands. As a natural result positions of secretaries, educational secretaries, etc., are continually open because as soon as the young men have demonstrated their ability in these lines, they are called—to other and more profitable fields of work.

It devolves, then, on the State Committee to supply these places temporarily and help them in every way in getting the needed man to fill these positions permanently.

To a large extent this new talent is recruited from the College Y. M. C. A. work and field, in which President Emory W. Hunt of Denison University has been particularly active and peculiarly successful. Many young men just leaving college are filled with the spirit of enthusiasm fresh for their work and equipped in every way to take hold of the activities which particularly engross young men and the Y. M. C. A.'s generally. They are willing to take this work for very small salaries which for the most part they could not think of accepting for any great length of time.

This is only one of many of the activities of the State Committee, but it is the one which, if no others existed, in the judgment of the Y. M. C. A. workers, amply justifies its existance and makes all the local associations gladly contribute to its support.

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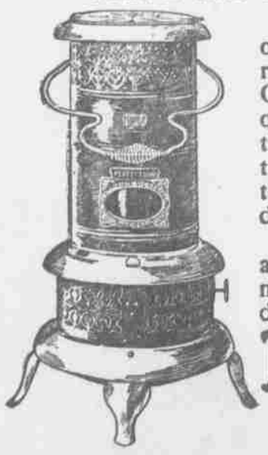

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